I Tremble at twenty Two.

WHERE willows Arch the cooling ſtream.
And on the flow'ry Marge
There breathes a Nymph her love ſick flame
And froward fate did charge.
Ah! what can a maiden do?
Ah! what, &c.
My love ſo ſlowly comes to woo me
I tremble at twenty-two.

Then leading with deſponding look
Beneath the braided bows,
And all beſide the purling brook
Compl in'd of broken vows,
Ah! what can, &c.
When men prove falſe,
Who ſwear they're true
I tremble at twenty-two.

Sad echo in a rocky cell
Took up each doleful ſound,
From her ſweet lips where muſic fell
The plaintiff notes reſound.
Ah! what can, &c.

When o'er the mead young William flew
From forth yon leafy grove,
He comes! ſhe cries, my ſhepherd's true
To Anna and to love.
Now what can a Maiden do,
Since William
Deareſt William true?
Why marry at twenty-two.